Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe do what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day *Exit Hamlet,*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this ſir, now ſhal you ſee the other,
You do remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleep, me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo's, raſhly,
And praiſd be raſhnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well
When our deep plots do fal, and that ſhould learne vs
There's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarſt about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, ſo bold

My

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grand commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.
Hora. I'it poſſible?
Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.
Hora. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play, I ſat me downe,
Deuis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yeomans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull Tributarie,
As loue between them like the Palme might floriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare
And ſtand a *Comma* tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contens,
Without debatement further more or leſſe
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriuing time allow'd.
Hora. How was this ſeald?
Ham. Why euen in that was Heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,

The